The Doctor is...In?: Sabine, Ahsoka, "Chelli Joystick," and That One Day on Lothal
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The Doctor is...In?: Sabine, Ahsoka, "Chelli Joystick," and That One Day on Lothal

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

About nine years after the Battle of Yavin, amidst a galactic recession, Sabine Wren and Ahsoka Tano are stuck with the Noti on Peridea. They are stranded there. A dashing woman in her thirties, with brown hair and brown eyes, wearing an outfit which screams "look at me, I'm sexy," comes to their aid. She's called there by New Republic chancellor Mon Mothma, after her girlfriends convinced her to take the job. This lesbian disaster archaeologist had on-and-off relations with many women, and was once, for a brief time, an agent of Darth Vader. When Sabine sees her, coming to rescue her and Ahsoka, she is surprised. She never expected to see the woman who she slept with *one time* in Lothal, again, especially not as her rescuer! She is forced to relive the "glorious, beautiful error" she had with this woman. You'll have to read to learn the details of how this woman thoroughly dominated/conquered the proud rebel, Sabine Wren.

Notes

Some time ago, I was re-reading Doctor Aphra. I was intrigued by issue #35 in the second series (which ran from May 2020 to January 2024). It obvious that Aphra *would* have sex with other women. However, I didn't expect that Domina Tagge would easily manipulate her. She only wanted to mess with her, not begin a romantic relationship. Otherwise, Aphra had sex with at least two other women during the run of both comic series: Magna Tolvan and Teviy. The audiobook heavily implied she had sex with Sana Starros. Despite this reality, very few Doctor Aphra fics, on here, dip into NSFW themes. Only six within the "Star Wars: Doctor Aphra (Comics)" fandom are rated mature, five are explicit, and four are not rated. That's out of the 70 fics listed under "Star Wars: Doctor Aphra (Comics)" fandom on here. Of those fics, there's ones bringing together, sexually, Qi'ra of the Crimson Dawn and Aphra, Domina and Aphra, or Domina and the reader, to name a few. Other than all of that, there's *one* ten-chapter fic, entitled "Art and Archaeology" that brings Sabine and Chelli together and that's back in 2018. That fic is the only one on all of AO3, apart from this one, which has a Sabine/Aphra relationship. It includes some chapters, like chapter 3, chapter 6, and chapter 8. The first of these has intense kissing between Chelli and Sabine. The second has oral sex and intense sex between Chelli and Sabine. The third has strap-ons, sex toys, and more. This fic goes a different direction than that one, which is one of my favorite Star Wars smut fics out there.

Otherwise, I changed the usage of "Aphra" to "Chelli" after Sabine first uses it, similar to what I've done in other fics that I've published on other accounts. Since this is my second-

ever smut fic, comments and constructive criticism are welcome. They would help me write stronger and better smut fics in the future.

Like my first smut fic, this fic features *actual* BDSM practices. Unlike that, the two leading ladies act in a consensual and safe manner. Both Sabine and Chelli respect one another's boundaries and what they want to do, per what it says on pages like this and this. Neither one of them wants to hurt the other, they just want to feel pleasure coursing through their bodies. Can you blame them?

Update #1: This fic was cross-posted on adult-fanfiction and Squidge World. After considering the fact that the main sex scene is over 3,400 long and this fic itself is only about 6,200 words, meaning that sex scene is more than half of the fic, I would it falls under the Explicit tag for that reason. I hope that makes sense.

Update #2 on 6/30/25: I made some slight changes to the text following a comment by GarmStoylen. Firstly, I changed the line "Sabine could see Chelli's cunt, surrounded by thick mess of brown hair" to "Sabine could see Chelli's pussy, surrounded by thick mess of brown hair." Secondly, I changed the line "She placed two of fingers inside of Sabine's pussy, causing warm, white jizz to spurt out" to "She placed two of fingers inside of Sabine's pussy, causing warm, white love juices to spurt out" as that works better. Thirdly, I changed the line "Cum dripped out of her tits, soon covering Chelli's face, as she rubbed against the exposed boobs" to "Cum dripped from her tits and onto Chelli's face, as she rubbed against the exposed boobs" as it flows better. Fourthly, I changed the line "She needed Aphra's acceptance (i.e. her consent) before proceeding" to "She needed Aphra's consensual agreement before proceeding" to remove the parentheses. I also added some other lines, but not much.

Update #3 on 11/19/25: Some text has been slightly updated from the original. Enjoyed reading this fic again.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Silk Trap by rosecake
- Inspired by Witness for the Prosecution by weakinteraction
- Inspired by A Special Artifact by hyperspacegirlie
- Inspired by KyberDancer's Smut Shorts Collection by KyberDancer
- Inspired by The Viper's Temptation by Eroppai (FalstaffKisaragi)
- Inspired by Restoring Balance by DeVoiD84
- Inspired by Positions by Daandy (keotho)
- Inspired by Closing hour by Daandy (keotho)
- Inspired by New Beginnings by moonchild_meow
- Inspired by Straight into my system by Halepo
- Inspired by Kuvira’s Bratty Adventures by ThatOneGuy56
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by ofallthings
- Inspired by mine by softambrollins
- Inspired by Best Served Cold by Olldtimerbuckley
- Inspired by defeating the dragon by Eriord

- Inspired by Genuine Leather by Little_Annie
- Inspired by Lock & Key by OrangeRaven989
- Inspired by Rothfrye: Salmon Kebab by NymLockewood
- Inspired by Fuck Until I'm Dickless by ardens_archive

Sabine had almost gotten used to living in the Nolti village, although she felt guilty for bringing back Thrawn. Ahsoka was a bit antsy. That droid, Huyang, was still with them for *some reason*. Out of nowhere, a greyish-colored ship descended from the sky. Its two huge thrusters emitted a reddish glow. Sabine and Ahsoka looked up in amazement. How could have *anyone* know about the planet of Peridea? Wasn't it in an entirely different galaxy? None of them would be prepared for who was to descend next. It would catch them both by surprise, but especially Sabine, who had been shaken by recent events.

As the landing ramp descended, a voice hollered out. Somehow it sounded familiar to Sabine, but she couldn't place it. She saw her. A woman with flowing brown hair, piercing brown eyes, and a sexy (but practical) outfit stood there. She had on a red jacket, a white blouse, brown pants with a buckle, a holster for a blaster, and goggles on her head, like a pilot. Sabine knew exactly who it was. It couldn't be anyone but *her*.

"Hey, so your chancellor told me to pick you both up here...I don't care for your republic, rebellion, or whatever the fuck it's called...but I got paid handsomely for this, so there's that." Simply put, this woman only cared about getting paid and her own self-interest. She had seen the Empire as a form of stability, even though she had no intention of following its rules.

Sabine yelled out, "Chelli Joystick, is that you?" Ahsoka was confused. Sabine *knew* this woman? How? She *never* remembered Sabine ever mentioning her. Something seemed off. She was about to learn why.

The woman laughed wholeheartedly. She shook her head. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. She teased the other woman, declaring "Ha. I haven't used that name *for years*! You must be *that woman* from...Lothal."

Sabine nodded. It all came back to her: she was the person who had a wild time with, all those years ago. Back then, she had gone to a popular bar in the heart of Lothal right after Ezra had died, as she thought at the time. It was one year before the epic Battle of Yavin. The bar was where she had met *her*. She didn't want to use her real name, knowing she had notoriety as a rebel, and called herself "Ezra Wiger." A terrible name, obviously, but she was awful at coming up with these silly fake names.

Before she could think about it any more, Ahsoka tried to break the ice, cutting into Sabine's remembrances. "I don't know if we've met. I'm Ahsoka Tano, and you are?"

The woman laughed. She didn't know who *she* was? How naive was she? Had she been living under a damn rock her entire life? *Come on, now!*

"How do you *not* know me! Seriously! Anyway, I'm the illustrious Doctor Aphra, but you can call me Aphra or Doctor, whatever suits your fancy." She loved boasting about herself.

"And this is Sabine Wren," Ahsoka said, pointing to the woman beside her, who almost wanted to hide. Her face was getting flushed. She was so embarrassed. Why had this woman come back? Why was *she* the one to rescue them? What was Mon Mothma thinking? The next time she saw Mon, she'd *have to* give her a piece of her mind.

Aphra laughed again. She had heard stories about Sabine over the years. She had met Hera Syndulla so many times. During their multiple encounters she'd often mentioned Sabine, but she'd never seen her in person, except for that *one time*. She couldn't believe her luck.

"WHOA. You mean to tell me that *I banged* the legendary Sabine Wren on Lothal? The woman who told me she was named 'Ezra Wiger'? Man, that was such a wild time! I remember it like it was yesterday. To have her in front of me this very instant! Hot damn!"

This revelation surprised Ahsoka most of all. Sabine had one-night stand with *a girl*? Why had she *never* talked about it? She knew that Sabine and Ezra had become almost an item. In fact, she had *doomed* the galaxy just so she could come to this planet and save Ezra. Through all the time she'd been with her, Aphra never came up. She wondered why. She guessed that Sabine was nervous, but that still didn't explain everything.

Aphra motioned them onto the ship. She called it the *Magna Sana*, after her two girlfriends, Magna Tolvan and Sana Starros. They'd stuck with her in life of crime. They had been tired from the journey and were sleeping in the ship's quarters. As such, she was the only one who greeted them. "We can talk *all* about that hot time me and Sabine had together, once we leave this damn planet."

Huyang decided to stay behind. They wished him well. The ship blasted off, leaving Peridea in the dust. A new journey had begun. Aphra's remembrances started almost immediately. After pushing a lever forward, the *Magna Sana* started traveling through the plains of hyperspace, en route to their next destination.

The night was young. The nightclub, named Let the Good Times Roll, in Lothal's capital city, was hopping. People were overjoyed by the victory over the Empire in the battle of Lothal. They were happy to be free from the Empire's shackles. It was a great day.

However, one person felt different. She was moping and sobbing: Sabine. She was inconsolable. She was drinking a special kind of alcohol. It did more than cause temporary intoxication or have unpleasant physical effects after. It made you plead for companionship. It also impaired your judgment, leading to unsteady footing and sleepiness, and it caused you to stagger. People's tolerance for alcohol differed. It could leave a certain "burning impression" on the body. That was certainly the case for her.

This was also the case for another woman who happened to walk into the bar that night. She wore a flashy, but practical, outfit. It was complete with a leather belt holding a blaster, a brown leather flight cap with goggles atop, and a red short-sleeved jacket. The latter covered her white short-sleeved shirt. She walked into the bar with swagger in her step. She could see Sabine downing a drink with one gulp. As Sabine was about to drink another one, her arm, covered with electro-tattoos, stopped it from reaching her.

"Put it on my tab," she said. The bartender grumbled. He had seen *her* before. And he knew she didn't pay what she owed. Even so, he knew she was there a lot, so he didn't care if she got into debt. She'd just have to deal with the Hutts or something. It wasn't his problem.

She downed the drink with one gulp. She had much better tolerance than anyone else. While others did not, she understood consent *very* well. She knew that drinking alcohol impacted communication. It led to "tunnel vision," increased aggressiveness, and making people willfully disregard messages. Checking in regularly about another person's wants was key when both people were drunk, including if they wanted to have sex.

She guessed that this woman did *not* want to have sex, but only wanted companionship that night, like cuddling. That was her thinking, at the time. She still wanted to hook up with her, somehow, no matter what. Her desires were taking over her mind. That was okay.

"So, Miss...I'm...uh...Chelli Joystick." She had completely fabricated the last name. She definitely did *not* want to reveal her *real* last name. She could see that the other woman's jacket had the symbol of the Rebel Alliance. She *hated* those goody-two-shoe rebels. Ugh!

Sabine looked her way. She was a little woozy and out of it, barely keeping herself upright as she leaned against the bar's counter. Her multicolored hair, a beautiful mix of green, red, and purple, was matted, some in front of her eyes. "I'm uh...Ezra Wiger, the *best rebel* this galaxy has ever known...my best friend...who I liked...*died* in that battle today."

That was *a lot* for Chelli to take in. She wanted to at least comfort her that night. Maybe they might even get into a relationship or something, one day. She never thought that far ahead though. She normally just took it one day at a time. That's just how she was.

"Let's go back to your place." Sabine nodded. She was with it enough to understand what Chelli was saying. They got on a speeder and went toward an imposing tower on the edge of the city. Chelli stayed with her through the night. She might have left, but she decided to stay, for one reason or another. Maybe it was the Mandalorian armor or maybe she desired companionship too. It was hard to know what the exact reason was.

Nothing else happened between them that night, apart from the fact that they slept relatively close to one another. But they weren't in the same bed or anything. The next morning came quickly. Sabine yawned and looked over. She was surprised since she saw something she hadn't expected. *Who* was this other woman in *her* room?

"Hey! Who are you?" she demanded. Aphra groaned, her brown hair draped over the pillow, clearly still resting. She opened her right eye and saw this multicolored beauty in front of her. She panicked for a bit. She hadn't left? *Oh no*. This could be *bad*. She then remembered the previous night. She didn't have anything better to do, so *why not* stay.

"I'm uh...Chelli...Joystick!" She inadvertently used the false name again, this time by accident. Before Sabine could say anything more, she added, "and you are *Ezra Wiger*, right?" She didn't believe for a second that was a real name, but her name was partly made up too, so what did it matter? Sabine nodded and went with the flow.

"You were sobbing and drinking last night...then muttering about your friend who died," Aphra said matter-of-factly.

Sabine looked at her worriedly. She didn't like to expose herself personally like this, especially not in a public setting. She was a defiant woman who fought the Empire through her creativity, tagging Imperial outposts, and even dyed her hair bright colors. Despite all of this, she could feel that Aphra made her safe, even though Aphra was anything but that. She was a walking and talking lesbian disaster zone. If you were pulled in, you wouldn't be able to escape. She didn't know that. Even if she did, would it have mattered?

"Can we cuddle?" Sabine asked, speaking in a soft voice. Aphra was drawn in by her words. She decided to take the Mandalorian up on her offer. She thought to herself, *what's the harm?* If things didn't go well and she had to leave, then she'd bail. That was *always* what she did if situations got dicey. This time would be no different. She always looked out for herself above anything else.

"Sure," Aphra said, as she laid down on the bed next to Sabine, who held her close. She could hear her heart beating quickly, as they held each other in a warm embrace. Maybe she could get used to this. After all, Sabine wasn't being aggressive when she pulled her in, wrapping her arms around her body. Instead, she was gentle.

As Sabine became more comfortable, she asked another question. She needed Aphra's consensual agreement before proceeding. Her question surprised Aphra. She hadn't expected this from someone who was the definition of self-expression, someone who did all she could to buck authority, and someone who liked to taunt the Empire. Of course, she didn't know *exactly* who this woman was, as she didn't follow the news that closely. But she knew that this woman was a rebel. And she wasn't always a big fan of rebels, for... personal reasons.

"Can I...uh...kiss you?" she nervously asked. Again, Aphra nodded. She felt cool toward this whole thing. Sabine kissed her on the cheek, then went further, kissing her electro-tattoo. It gave Aphra such a rush, as she looked around the room. She saw more examples of this rebel's artistic pizzazz which mixed destruction and creativity, including on her own personal Mandalorian armor.

"You wanna keep going?" Aphra asked. Sabine nodded. She continued kissing along Aphra's tattoo, giving her yet *another* rush. Sabine was feeling pleasure rush throughout her body in so many ways. She started to moan a little bit. She was clearly turned on. Perhaps she wanted to leave her *personal touch* on this woman. It was a touch that she added to everything from Imperial Tie Fighters to her own amazing hair.

What Sabine did next surprised Aphra, yet again. She thought that this strong and sassy rebel woman would stop and tell her to leave. She had every right to do so. She was ready for it to end. She expected she'd be told to walk out of there and never come back. That wasn't what was about to happen. Instead, something unexpected occurred. She was ready to embrace whatever occurred next.

"I'd like to go further. Do...you want that?" Aphra was glad to hear this. She had thought that Sabine would demand that they stop. Although she didn't want to admit it. the truth was that she didn't want Sabine to kick her out because she was becoming *a little* wet. How could she say that to a woman she just met, someone with a distinct flair and style about her? She couldn't.

"YES!" she declared triumphantly. Sabine took off her outer shirt, which she had worn while sleeping, revealing a cotton undershirt underneath. She helped take off Aphra's outer jacket, leaving her only with a white short-sleeved shirt. Aphra then added, "if we are going to do this, the cap *stays on*." Sabine looked at her strangely. *Why* was that cap that important?

"Are you sure, Chelli? I won't be able to touch your brown hair with my hands if you leave the cap on..." Chelli shook her head. Sabine took that to mean that the cap would remain on her head. She was okay with that. Everyone expressed themselves in different ways.

Chelli proceeded to take off her shirt. It revealed her naked chest. Her folds, mounds, creases, and everything else shined brightly from the light filtering into the bedroom. Its brownish tint glistened. Sabine began kissing, starting at her bellybutton and moving up to her bosom. She was often guarded and strong, using snark, wit, and sarcasm at every opportunity she could. This time, she was showing her vulnerabilities and being open. She was ready, but *was Chelli*?

She began to moan in ecstasy. It was more than anything she had experienced from any other woman. Maybe Sabine was the woman...for her...after all. Maybe she had found her match. Or maybe this was just a lucky time. She *wanted*, no, she *needed* to go further than this. She couldn't let it end. It had to go on.

"You can touch them...you can touch... *my* breasts," Chelli said, clearly embarrassed. Sabine would do so much more than that. She wanted to do everything she could to make Chelli feel good. She proceeded to put one hand on each breast and rubbed her face between each of them. Chelli was *losing her mind*. She desired, no *hungered*, for more.

As she continued to moan, Sabine had one more thing to ask her. She had *wanted* to do this for so many years, to make another person feel good. She had *never* gone this far with Ezra, even though she clearly had feelings for him. She had never expressed her feelings directly. So, they had never kissed or anything like that. She had a crush, but she wasn't entirely sure whether he returned her feelings or not.

"Can I take off your pants?" she asked. Chelli nodded once again, then said "yes. I'd like that." She unbuckled her brown leather belt. It was two-inches wide and had an arrow-pointed silver buckle. She did the same with her other one, which overlapped it. This plain brown leather belt included her holster. It was two-inches wide and had a circular silver buckle. Both fell to the floor. She was ready. This strong woman, on the same bed as her, was showing *her* what it meant to give in. She didn't mind that.

Her pants were thrown off and onto the floor. She was completely exposed, her entire body glowing. Sabine could see Chelli's pussy, surrounded by thick mess of brown hair. It looked to be untamed, emblematic of her personality. She put her finger through it all, and around the edge, then moved around her pussy and toward her slit. Chelli could barely hold herself back. She tried the best she could. She didn't want to give in.

Her attempt was a failure. A *major* failure. She felt an unbearable feeling inside her. Sabine wouldn't stop there. She touched Chelli's clit with her fingertip. Her sticky love juices began squirting out, first in a dribble. This changed when Sabine took out her finger. She began to

move her head down to the same spot. She wanted to suck it dry, to get her tongue inside of her. If she did that, it could undo Chelli, in more ways than one.

Before she did anything more, she wanted to get Chelli's full and enthusiastic consent. "Can I suck it and finish the job?" Chelli again, in a state of ecstasy, wanted this to continue. She did *not* want it to stop. She needed it go on, as her breathing became even heavier.

"YES, please. Make me *yours*," Chelli said, again almost embarrassed. She had never been pleasured this much, and this quickly. Sabine understood what she meant. She lowered her head to the right angle. She began licking. Chelli couldn't help herself. She couldn't hold it in anymore. She had to release.

Her cum gushed out and *hard*. Chelli had been thoroughly pleasured by this rebel, someone she had just met the other night. If anyone had been standing near the tower, they would have heard her loud moans. Luckily, they were isolated there, so no one did. That was good for both of them. If anyone had heard either one of them, they both would have been incredibly embarrassed, but especially Sabine, who was seen as a "hero."

Chelli had to return the favor. She somehow collected herself after that intense experience, while she kept panting. Trying to catch her breath, she chuckled. "It's time to make *you* mine. You can't have *all the fun*." Sabine was caught a little off guard by this, but she went along with it. She nodded, then said, "you are right, *Chelli*...I would like for you to do the same thing I did...please...*I need it*." She understood perfectly.

In record time, she took off Sabine's clothes, throwing them onto the ground. Her naked body was as exposed as her own. Her bare skin was soft, and it shined brightly from the sunlight entering the tower window. She couldn't hold back her irresistible impulse to *touch* her.

She could tell that Sabine had gotten a little wet from earlier, although not as much as she had, from her hard orgasm. All of this was unsurprising. She boldly declared, "I will make you feel more pleasure than you have *ever* felt before." Chelli would deliver on that. She wasn't a person who broke her word, at least not for something like this.

She placed two of her fingers inside of Sabine's pussy, causing warm, white love juices to spurt out. Without warning, she withdrew her fingers rapidly, putting Sabine *on edge*. A tremor went through her, causing warmth to roll through her. This felt *so good*. She couldn't think about anything else. That was okay.

She began sucking the pussy with all her might, her tongue going into the open slit. Sabine felt like she was losing herself. She had never felt so good in her life. *What was this?* She was overjoyed.

Chelli suddenly stopped. "I won't let you orgasm unless I tell you too. You have to hold it in." She wanted to assert dominance in this situation, more forcefully than what Sabine had done. She wouldn't be the submissive one anymore. She wanted to turn this around.

Sabine attempted to maintain her composure. She continued moaning as her lewd wet noises filled the room. Chelli's actions were overwhelming her. She pleaded with her to let her

release as she could feel the orgasm looming over her. She could barely hold it in, while her legs continued to shake. Her voice was whiny. "Please let me cum. I *need* this."

Speaking softly, Chelli whispered in her ear. She wanted to ensure that Sabine would do what she desired. "You are so desperate. So much for *a rebel,*" she teased. Sabine became even more embarrassed. How could she debase herself this way? Was she falling for Chelli? Maybe so, because Chelli looked *insanely hot* right now.

Sabine was shame-faced. She asked once more. "Please let me cum." Chelli nodded. She permitted it. "You can cum now." Sabine's love juices suddenly gushed out of her kitten's ear like a roaring stream. They were everywhere across her skin and Chelli's naked body. Her thighs continued to tremble. This didn't surprise Chelli. She guessed this was probably the first time a woman had *ever* done a bit of rumpy-bumpy with her, in her entire life. Her guess was completely right. This was the first time she had ever been this intimate with anyone. Chelli would make it memorable. She would ensure that Sabine remembered it forever, *even if* she wanted to forget.

"Oh, you are a *bad girl*," Chelli teased. She added, almost mischievously, "I'll have to punish you for that." She put two of her fingers inside Sabine’s pussy. She moved her head up to the rebel's breasts, which she began sucking, while pulling her closer. She couldn’t fight this pleasure. She began folding like a deck of cards. While Chelli had been close to being undone, Sabine was instead. She had *given in.*

Sabine couldn't help herself as the sensations washed over her. Cum dripped from her tits and onto Chelli's face, as she rubbed against the exposed boobs. For Chelli, breasts were *one* of her favorite things in the world. She couldn't stop herself from touching them. She loved women who were callimastians. Sabine undoubtedly fell into that category.

She ran her fingertips around Sabine's slit. She stroked it, as her cunt continued to pulse from all the excitement. She had never been so turned on before. "You are *one easy woman* to please," Chelli remarked, cheekily. Sabine wanted to believe that she was wrong. She *wanted to believe* she was a strong woman. After all, she was a rebel who had survived countless battles and nearly survived being killed. She was certain she was a strong woman.

As their intimate time together continued, she was becoming overwhelmed by the immense pleasure that Chelli gave her. She liked seeing herself as the dominant one. Even so, there was something comforting about being the one who submitted, especially in a situation like this. Chelli wasn’t wrong. She was someone who wanted to be loved. And in this moment, she strongly felt that more than anything.

She remarked, almost meekly, "More, *please*, Chelli." She almost regretted those words coming out of her mouth. On the other hand, she accepted her utterances. Her voice was filled with desire. She was clearly aroused. Her response from her lower body and everywhere else made that clear. Minute by minute she felt like she was falling under Chelli's spell, even though no magic had been cast.

Chelli was more than happy to oblige. She continued to move her fingers gently, then rapidly, through Sabine's cunt. She was totally *hers* now. She couldn't get Chelli out of her mind. Sabine continued to happily moan, especially when Chelli gently sucked on her hard and

throbbing clit. If she had been wearing pants, they would have been thoroughly soaked by her love juices.

She teased Sabine in her typical fashion. "Look at you...I can't imagine *a rebel* stooping so low...wow." She was surprised at this display. She hadn't expected this from someone like her. Weren't rebels *headstrong*? That was the case with her ex, Sana. So why wouldn't that be the case with this rebel as well? The specifics didn't matter. She wanted to keep going and claim Sabine as her prize-of-sorts.

Sabine couldn't believe herself either. How had she fallen under Chelli's charm? No, she had done this all of *her free will*, of her free desire. She wanted this. She *needed* this. She couldn't deny that Chelli had brought her pleasure beyond anything she had ever experienced in her life. She didn't want it to end and for good reason.

"You just make me feel *so good*...I feel so..." she began. She soon began moaning *again*. She was beginning to unravel as the minutes past and was falling into Chelli's clutches. She was becoming sensitive all over her body, as cum continued streaming down her leg. She couldn't believe how she felt. Her legs were turning into jelly, and she was losing herself in the process. There was a mixture of lust and satisfaction in the bedroom from both women. Her eyes were glazed over with desire from all the sensations she was experiencing.

Chelli had begun sucking her tits *hard*. Sabine couldn't contain herself. Her shouts of pleasure filled the room as she climaxed. She had orgasmed *yet again* and was panting, her breathing hard and heavy. Chelli could tell how much the rebel was enjoying herself. She had to admit she felt the same way. She wanted to go further.

At that moment, she looked down and saw her two brown leather belts, which sat on the ground. One was a simple belt and the other had leather attachment with a holster. She had something in mind. She wanted to make sure Sabine was okay with it, before she started using them. That was the only way. "Can I use my belts?...*is that okay*?" she asked. Sabine nodded. "Yes, Chelli, that's fine. *I trust you*." She started to say that she shouldn't trust her. She stopped herself. In that moment, she didn't want to say anything like that.

She could have used the belts to tie up Sabine's hands, tightly binding together her wrists, or used it as a restraint. She didn't do either thing with these belts. She wanted the rebel's hands to be free. Nor did she want to spark her desire with these well-worn belts. Rather, she wanted to use one of them, *first*, as a sort of collar. This would have *been easy* for regular leather belts, but Chelli's belts were different in the way they were configured. She put her one silver-studded belt around rebel's neck and firmly affixed it. She placed the other belt, which was held together with a single silver circular buckle, around the rebel's waist, like she wore it. She had other belts that she wore, but this was one of her favorites. She wore it all the time.

As she wrapped each belt around different parts of Sabine's naked body, she pulled on the belt around this rebel's exposed neck, drawing her closer. These thick leather belts had started to make impressions on the rebel's skin. These areas would become bruised areas if the belts were on her body for too long. In her typical fashion, she began teasing her. "You look *so wonderful* with these belts around you...You are clearly *all mine*." Sabine didn't know what to

say to her. What could she say? She looked up at Chelli adoringly. She had been taken with her.

Chelli proceeded to take it a step further. She held a remaining part of the belt around Sabine's waist, a thin leather part, only about an inch wide. It was a section she usually wrapped around her leg to support her holster which held her blaster. It was unclasped. She placed that part, and its two thin leather straps, inside of the rebel's folds, and moved it around. The rough nature of this leather surface was a lot for her to take, but she bared with it. For some reason, it felt extremely pleasurable. Her juices began to leak across the belt's surface, pleasing Chelli.

"This is so good, mwwhh!" Sabine said, as she began to moan. More love juices came out of her pussy and ran down her legs. It only added to her sticky white liquids of desire, from her previous orgasms that morning, already covering her legs. The thin leather section soon became slick from her cum. She whined, feeling even more intense pleasure.

As Chelli kept pumping the two thin leather straps into the rebel's pussy, she suddenly released. The orgasm hit her hard. She spilled her load onto the sheets and her body tensed. She couldn't believe she had done this. She cried out. "Chelli, I feel so good...keep on doing this...you are *wonderful*."

This gave Chelli such a high that she rubbed herself to a climax. Her lovable nectar soon sprayed across Sabine's body and the room itself. They both laid there together, heavily breathing, with a faint sweet smell filling the air. This was something she'd never forget. She would remember their time together for years to come.

Back in the present, Sabine had her head in her hands after Chelli told this story in excruciating detail. She basically *boasted* about her conquest, or domination as you could call, of this proud rebel. Ahsoka didn't care much about the story at first. Something about the way that the good doctor told it made her want to keep listening. She couldn't believe that Sabine had done this.

Sabine was completely shamefaced by Chelli's recollections. At that moment, Magna and Sana came out of the bedroom. They were planning to travel to Coruscant. Chelli hadn't been there for a long time, since she'd met an Imperial agent in some back alley. Thanks to the secret hyperjets she had installed on the *Magna Sana*, the ship was able to traverse hyperspace without a problem.

"Are we almost there, Chelli?" Sana said, while yawning and stretching her arms. Chelli shook her head. Ahsoka jumped in, deciding to give them an update. "Oh, your girlfriend was just telling us how she *shagged* my friend over here." She pointed to Sabine, who continued to hide her face in her hands. This woke up Sana who cackled loudly. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. Chelli and that *proud* rebel, together in bed?

"Well, I'm not surprised," Sana began. Magna joined in. "Once you've boarded the Aphra train, there's no turning back. You have to keep going, no matter the disasters ahead." Chelli came in and hugged them both. "Oh, I love you both so much." In order to explain herself, if there needed to be explanation, she added, "what I did with Sabine was a *long* time ago."

This made Sana and Magna feel a little better. They worried that she might still have feelings for the former rebel, even though they had their own issues with rebels in the past. At that point, an unexpected person spoke up.

"Chelli was right. It was a while ago...it was a mistake...a *glorious, beautiful* error I made...how could I not be drawn to a woman who is sexy in *everything* she does?" Sabine declared. Ahsoka was surprised to hear her say this, still processing everything that Chelli had said that day. Sana and Magna laughed heartily. They all joked about it and bonded over it. Chelli was a little perturbed, but glad that that this rebel hero had called her sexy and said their time together was beautiful and glorious. At least that was a good thing.

They soon dropped out of hyperspace and were in orbit around Coruscant. Magna pressed some buttons on the ship's controls. “Chelli, we've got a message. Shall I patch it through?" She nodded. Pressing additional buttons, a hologram of Mon Mothma appeared.

"Doctor Aphra, have you retrieved Sabine Wren and Ahsoka Tano from Peridea per *my instructions*?" She grumbled. She really wasn't the biggest fan of these New Republic folks. She especially wasn’t a big fan of Mon, even though she knew she was under a lot of stress. She knew that Mon was a big humanitarian with a strong moral compass. Working for the New Republic paid the bills, so *why not*? Sana and Magna had encouraged her to get jobs from them, despite her reticence to help out people she saw as another version of the Rebel Alliance.

"Yes, Miss Mothma. They are here on this ship, with me, Sana, and Magna." Mon knew that Chelli could be a loose cannon and be out of control. With the stunt that senator, and princess, Leia Organa had pulled, which ended Hera's court-martial, she wasn't confident enough chancellors would authorize an official rescue mission. So, she went through unofficial channels instead. Simply put, she contacted Chelli personally. She had been hesitant at first, but Sana and Magna had convinced her to accept the mission, telling her that Mon could be trusted.

"Thank you. The New Republic is grateful for your service. Land your ship at docking bay 013124, marked for the New Republic Senate." Chelli nodded. She turned off the screen and sighed. Mon could be a lot sometimes. Magna and Sana patted her shoulders. "Chelli you did good. We're almost done." Making her way to the platform, Chelli swerved the *Magna Sana* past nearby spaceships and avoided all rules for where vessels were *supposed* to go. The police were about to go after her for her indiscretions, but Mon convinced them to back off. She didn't like how Chelli blatantly disobeyed rules. Even so, bringing back Ahsoka and Sabine was more important. Ezra had already briefed relevant committees on the threat that Grand Admiral Thrawn posed to the galaxy.

As the *Magna Sana* landed on the platform, Ahsoka and Sabine prepared themselves. As the landing ramp began to descend, Chelli placed a kiss on Sabine's cheek. She turned to her, then remarked "See you around Ezra Wiger," almost with a straight face. Sabine couldn't be more embarrassed. She exclaimed, while her face was as red as a tomato, "Chelli, what *the hell* was that for?"

Chelli smiled. She explained. "A goodbye present for that *wonderful sex* we had all those years ago." As Sabine continued walking down the ramp, with Ahsoka standing nearby. She

met the welcoming party, which included Mon, some New Republic guards, and Ezra. All of them had heard this whole interaction, although they hadn't seen it directly.

With Sana and Magna alongside her, Chelli decided to walk down the ramp as well. "Would like to stay?" Mon asked. Chelli shook her head. "Nah, politics isn't for me. You have a republic to run. I have to keep the money flowing in, doing whatever I can." Mon had one more question. She had to ensure that this accredited space archaeologist wouldn't somehow help Thrawn. That would be *bad*. "You'll help us again, if we need assistance, right?"

Not knowing how to answer, Sana and Magna spoke up on her behalf, in unison, locking their arms behind their girlfriend. "We'll *make sure* of it," they said to Chelli's chagrin. As they all waved at the welcoming party, the ship took off from the landing platform and headed back into space. Chelli turned to her two girlfriends. "Let's continue our adventures, *together*." Sana and Magna smiled back, each one kissing her on the other cheek. She pulled a lever, and the *Magna Sana* blasted through hyperspace, speeding to their next destination.

Back on Coruscant, Ahsoka and Sabine went their separate ways, with the promise that they'd meet up later. As Sabine and Ezra walked together, he asked her a simple question. "Who was that woman on the ship. I think her name was Doctor Aphra?...do you know her?" Sabine cringed. She didn't want to hide anything from him, considering she had basically screwed over the entire galaxy just to save him. "Yeah I do...I uh...had some...horizontal refreshment with her once...back on Lothal after I *thought* you died."

Ezra was befuddled. What was she talking about? Realizing he didn't know what she meant, she added, "I had sex with her, Ezra. Some *wild sex*."

He understood now. As they continued walking and talking together, he shook his head. "Well, you'll have to try some of that stuff with *me* sometime."

She laughed, the first time she'd laughed all day. "Yeah, sweetie, we should. It's a date." They clasped each other's hands, with Sabine realizing that maybe Chelli wasn't *completely* bad after all. Maybe she'd want to see her again, someday. All the while, Ezra was wondering what this date would be like, while the galaxy remained in turmoil with Thrawn threatening to destroy all that they held dear...

End Notes

The part about Aphra being someone who should not be trusted comes from page 76 of the updated and expanded version of "Star Wars: Women of the Galaxy." Information about Sabine comes from pages 230-236 of the same book, one of the longer entries on a woman in the Star Wars canon within the book itself. That isn't a surprise considering how much of a key character she is in Star Wars Rebels and Ahsoka. Information on Mon on pages 164-167, and Sana on page 236.

The story which gave me the idea for this fic is the seventh chapter of KyberDancer's collection of short smut stories, entitled "Ahsoka watches Dr. Aphra". The entire fic is mentioned in the inspirations section. In that fic, Ahsoka and Chelli do not have sexual intercourse. When thinking about it and the chaotic nature of Sabine, at times, when mixed with Aphra, and the chaos which comes from her, I had the idea to create this fic. I spent a lot of time trying to ensure this was one of the hottest fics possible, which was hard. I was up to the challenge. On record, one of my favorite smut fics is the first fic *ever* written for Birdie Wing, entitled "The Viper's Temptation" (listed as an inspiration).

While I liked other fics, like the three-chapter "The Hand of Sephsis" it doesn't actually have sex. "Silk Trap" is good in its own way, but not what I was aiming for. The same was the case for "Deliciously Self-Centered", "What Am I To You?", "Round Two", and "Imitation is Flattery". There's also some fics involving Sabine, like "Paint Me a Picture", "Reach Out and Feel Me", "But Would It Be Right?", "Heal And Consume Me", "Sun, Wolf, Wren", "Heat on Manadlore" too. None of those seemed directly suited for this one either. When it came to the scene with the belts, I went through many, many fics, like "Bonding" and "The Ink & The Painting", I went with something else instead.

I read an interview with Cherish Chen, who wrote the new "Doctor Aphra: Chaos Agent" series She said that while many "folks would expect that things would get easier for Chelli in a time of perceived peace with the New Republic building power and Vader gone...[but] things have gone wrong for Aphra time and again as someone who played both sides pretty regularly in the years prior." Some of those ideas are in this fic. However, I have Aphra staying with Magna and Sana. It seems wrong to break them up, as this new series may do (I read the first issue, but Magna and Sana haven't appeared yet).

When I posted an excerpt from this fic before publication, I got snarky responses. One user called it "random porn" and said there was "too much strange nonsense about the belts, the 'folds, mounds, everything else' makes me think of some sort of alien or insect, not a woman, and frankly it could use a lot of editing for spelling & grammar." Another user followed up, telling me to "go ahead and flounce, baby, out the door, because absolutely no one here is going to put up with your middle grade fandom antics." Yikes. Ugh, more fanfic hatred. It's *almost* an elitist thing. As a reminder, please don't make comments like that which are mean-spirited, nasty, and unfriendly. I'm a new smut writer, but people should take a page from what Wikipedia says about new editors: "All of us were new editors once, and in some areas, the most experienced are still regarded as newcomers. Treat newcomers with kindness and patience—nothing scares valuable contributors away faster than hostility." The same principle applies to new writers.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!